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SPAWN®

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"the HUNT"

PART 2



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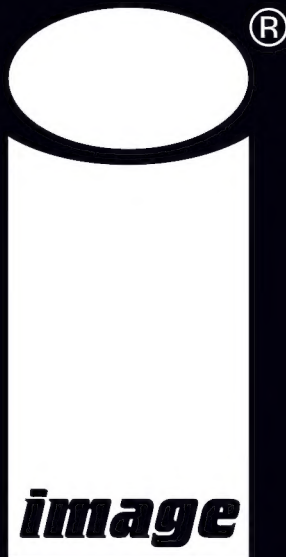
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image

PREDICTABLE.

THAT'S BECOME THE ESSENCE OF JOE SACK'S LIFE. THE 15-HOUR WORK DAYS HAVE BECOME ROUTINE.

INDEED, JOE SACK IS A LOYAL SERVANT OF THE MOB.

THAT TRUST IS AN EXHAUSTIVELY HEAVY BURDEN. AS HEAD OF ACCOUNTING, JOE HAS TO KEEP TABS ON ALL DETAILS OF TONY TWIST'S BUSINESS ACTIVITIES.

INFORMATION IS GATHERED. ORGANIZED. SANITIZED. CAREFULLY ACCOUNTED FOR. AN AUDIT WOULD SHOW A CLEAN, LEGAL OPERATION.

SKRITCH
SKRITCH
SKRITCH

SO JOE LABORS TOWARD THAT END, KEENLY FIDDLING ALL THE BOSS' DEALINGS INTO CLEAR HARMONY.

NO SOCIAL LIFE.

NO LOVE INTERESTS.

NO FRIENDS.

IN RETURN, HE HAS BEEN REWARDED WITH THE COMPLETE TRUST OF HIS BOSS--

-- VITO GRAVANO.

MAINTAINING THAT SHELL OF LEGITIMACY IS A MUST.

MAYBE TOO MUCH.

THE HIGHEST PRIORITY.

ALL THE PIECES ARE EVENTUALLY RELEVANT. AND THUS HE HAS ACCESS TO EVERY BIT OF DATA.





HELLO,
JOE.

LET'S
TALK.



YOUR BOSS.

I WANT TO KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE IS.

YOU SEE, THE FAT MAN'S BEEN ASKING FOR ME.

THOUGHT I'D ANSWER HIS CALL.

GNAANHH...

H-H-HE...

I MEAN...



IF YOU DON'T CLEAR UP THAT STUTTERING... NOW...

...I'M GOING TO HAVE TO KILL YOU.

UNDERSTAND?

H- HE'S GONE!

I MEAN, HE'S NOT HERE. HE WANTED TO CHECK UP ON ONE OF HIS... uh... BUSINESS MATTERS.

YEAH, THAT'S IT!



NOW THAT WAS CONVINCING.

I DON'T HAVE TIME TO MESS WITH THIS. YOU JUST TELL ME WHERE VITO IS AND I LET YOU GO HOME.

OTHERWISE, WE'VE GOT US A PROBLEM, Y'KNOW WHAT I--

HUH?

HUH?!

FREEZE!

SIMMI JAM!

MAKE A MOVE AND YOU'RE DEAD! STEP AWAY FROM MR. SACIK, NOW, NICE AND SLOW.

AND I MEAN SLOW.

HOW'D YOU GET IN HERE ANYWAY?

PIVOTING SLOWLY, SPAWN GLOWERS WHILE CONSIDERING HIS NEXT MOVE. UNEXPECTEDLY, THAT DECISION IS MADE FOR HIM.

WITHOUT WARNING, HIS CHAINS LUNGE FORWARD LIKE RATTLESNAKES! THE SECURITY GUARDS DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT, BUT IT WASN'T THAT!

THEY REACT THE WAY THEY KNOW BEST: VIOLENTLY.

THIS NEW HELLSPAWN IS BECOMING LESS SURPRISED WHEN HIS COSTUME SPRINGS INTO ACTION. ITS LIFE IS JOINED TO HIS. HE KNOWS, SO IT HAS A STAKE IN HIS WELL-BEING.

THE HERO ALLOWS HIMSELF A SLIGHT SMILE.

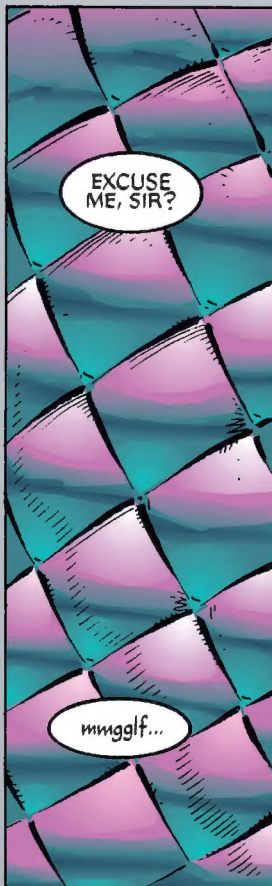




AS FOR
JOE SAKIC,
THREE DAYS FROM
NOW, HIS BODY
WILL BE FOUND
UNDER THE GEORGE
WASHINGTON
BRIDGE, WITH HIS
HANDS AND FEET
VICIOUSLY SEVERED.
DECAPITATED. EVEN
HIS GENITALS
WILL BE MISSING.

THE POLICE WILL
CONDUCT A FULL
INVESTIGATION,
BUT IN THE
ABSENCE OF ANY-
THING IDENTIFIABLE
ABOUT THE BODY,
WILL HAVE TO
CLOSE THE CASE OF
JOHN DOE 1994-714.

SUCH IS THE
LIFE OF A
TRUSTED
EMPLOYEE OF
VITO GRAVANO.



EXCUSE
ME, SIR?

mmggf...



JUST GOT
OFF THE PHONE
WITH OUR
SNITCH, JIMMY.
SEEMS HE'S BEEN
DOING HIS
HOMEWORK.



ONE OF
THE BUMS HE
KNOWS SAYS OUR
HERO USUALLY
HANGS OUT IN THE
SAME FOUR BLOCK
RADIUS.

I'VE
MAPPED IT
OUT ALREADY,
SIR.

mmmm-mmMm...



I'LL DO
SOME EARLY
SCOUTING AND
ASK A FEW
QUESTIONS.



MEET YOU AT
PORT AUTHORITY
AT 10 O'CLOCK.

OKAY,
SIR?



SIR!

IT SEEMS
OUR LITTLE WEB
HAS FINALLY
CAUGHT US
A FLY.

I *KNEW*
THAT JIMMY
WOULD COME
THROUGH FOR US--
THOUGH I DIDN'T
EXPECT IT *THIS*
QUICKLY.

I FEEL
LOVED!

BY THE WAY,
DID YOU EAT THAT
LAST JELLY DONUT?

Mmmmm...

I WAS
LOOKING FOR-
WARD TO THAT
ONE...

OBSOLETE,
OUR PERSONAL CHAT
HAD A PROFOUND IMPACT
ON HIM. * IT'S AMAZING
HOW *RESPECTED*
US COPS ARE.

BUT THOSE
REDDISH GELATIN
STAINS ON YOUR
SHIRT MAY JOG
YOUR MEMORY.

NOT
ME,
SIR.

SO I'LL
BE SEEING YOU
AT TEN?

COUNT
ON IT,
TWITCH.

I GOT ME
A LITTLE
PAYBACK
ON MY MIND.

chomp
chomp

'EVENING,
FRED.

BLARFF!

LET'S GO,
TWITCH.

HEY
BOYS!

HOW'RE
THINGS WITH
THE REN AND
STIMPY OF NEW
YORK'S FINEST?

HARASS
A FEW MORE
OF THE
HOMELESS?

GOING OUT
TO CHASE MORE
GHOSTS?

C'MON,
YOU C'N
TELL
ME.

HEY!
MY
COFFEE!

* SEE LAST ISSUE -- TOMU

ANOTHER DAWN BREAKS OVER NEW YORK CITY. ONLY A FEW SPRINKLES OF SUNLIGHT PIERCE THE TIGHTLY-DRAWN BLINDS OF THESE C.I.A. OFFICE WINDOWS. IT'S AS IF THE STRUCTURE ITSELF RESISTS THE REVEALING LIGHT OF DAY.

THE REPORTERS WHO COVER SECURITY ISSUES WOULD ENVY THOSE STRAY SUNBEAMS. THEY'VE LATELY HAD THEIR VERY POINTED QUESTIONS MET WITH CLEVERLY IRRELEVANT ANSWERS. THE COMPLETE TRUTH HAS BEEN LOCKED TIGHTLY AWAY. ALL ATTEMPTS TO SHED LIGHT ON ONE PARTICULAR NEW EMBARRASSMENT FOR THE AGENCY ARE POLITELY DIVERTED AND FIRMLY RESISTED.

THOSE GLIMMERS OF THE RISING SUN CAST FAINT, FLUID, EERILY EVOLVING SHADOWS OVER THIS ORGANIZATION'S DIRECTOR. HE SITS ALONE AGAIN IN THE EXECUTIVE SUITE... PONDERING... CALCULATING.

HIS NAME IS JASON WYNN.

WHEN NOTICED AT ALL BY THE LARGER WORLD, HE IS REFERRED TO AS A MINOR DEPARTMENT HEAD IN CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE. IN CIRCLES THAT TRULY MATTER, THOUGH, WYNN'S AUTHORITY AND REPUTATION DWARF EVEN THAT OF THE LATE J. EDGAR HOOVER. HE DIRECTS THE ULTRA-SECRET UNITED STATES SECURITY GROUP, THE NATION'S HIGHEST-LEVEL TASK FORCE, WITH JURISDICTION IN ALL SITUATIONS, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN. ONLY THE PRESIDENT, HIS CABINET AND THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF ARE PRIVY TO HIS FINDINGS-- STRICTLY ON A "NEED TO KNOW" BASIS.

HOWEVER, RECENT EVENTS HAVE CAST DOUBT ON HIS CREDIBILITY. WYNN IS UNABLE TO EXPLAIN HIS TWO-DAY DISAPPEARANCE. * SOMEONE HAS LEAKED THE ODD CIRCUMSTANCES TO THE MEDIA. ALREADY, ENEMIES THROUGHOUT THE INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY HAVE BEGUN CIRCLING, LOOKING FOR A WEAKNESS TO EXPLOIT. THE WHITE HOUSE IS UNHAPPY WITH HIS INABILITY TO ACCOUNT FOR THOSE TWO DAYS, AND IS ANNOYED TO BE READING ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS. THE INTEREST OF THE PRESS IN THIS NEW-FOUND SCANDAL HAS, HIS ENEMIES SUGGEST, COMPROMISED THE MOTIVES BEHIND ANY OF HIS CURRENT INVESTIGATIONS.

ONE OTHER SERIES OF INCIDENTS, IN WYNN'S OWN BACK YARD, IS POTENTIALLY VERY UGLY. TO WIT: A SECURITY BREACH AT A NEGLECTED UPSTATE ARMORY, MISSING ORDNANCE FROM SAME. CLOSER TO HOME, STOLEN PERSONNEL FILES. ONE SUSPECT HAS BEEN TARGETED: TERENCE "TERRY" FITZGERALD, CLOSE FRIEND OF AN AGENT, AL SIMMONS, SECRETLY TERMINATED AT WYNN'S BEHEST.

A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION HAS PROVEN THAT FITZGERALD IS CLEAN. UNFORTUNATELY, JASON WYNN CANNOT AFFORD EVEN THE APPEARANCE OF PROFESSIONAL INADEQUACY. THEREFORE, THE FITZGERALD INQUIRY WILL CONTINUE. HIS GUILT IS PREDETERMINED. WYNN WILL NOT FALL.

REPUTATION. POWER.

THESE ARE THE BUILDING BLOCKS OF MADNESS.

*HE WAS ABDUCTED BY AGENTS OF HEAVEN AND MADE A WARRIOR FOR THEIR CAUSE. SEE ISSUES 16 TO 18 -- T.O.M.



C.I.A.

F.B.I.

POLICE.

ALL HAVE BEEN TOLD
THE SAME STORY:

...THAT ONE OF THEIR OWN
HAS TURNED ON THEM. THE
ACCUSATION COMES FROM
SO HIGH UP THAT IT GOES
UNCHALLENGED. MEAN-
WHILE, "CONCRETE EVIDENCE"
HAS BEEN MANUFACTURED,
APPROPRIATE TO SATISFY
ANYONE'S QUESTIONS.



MAN,
WHAT A
BORE!

I HATE
FILLING OUT
THESE DAMN
REPORTS.

ESPECIALLY
WHEN I
HAVE TO FILL
'EM OUT IN
RUSSIAN.

WHAT
A PAIN.



TERRY FITZGERALD
CONCENTRATES ON HIS
MONITOR, TRYING TO FORGET
THE HARRASSING PHONE CALLS
AND FACE-TO-FACE THREATS.
PRACTICALLY EVERY LAW
ENFORCEMENT OR INTELLI-
GENCE AGENCY IN THE STATE
HAS MADE THEIR DISPLEASURE
KNOWN.

HE IS GRATEFUL THAT WANDA
IS UNAWARE OF THIS WITCH-
HUNT. HIS FAMILY'S
UNTOUCHED.

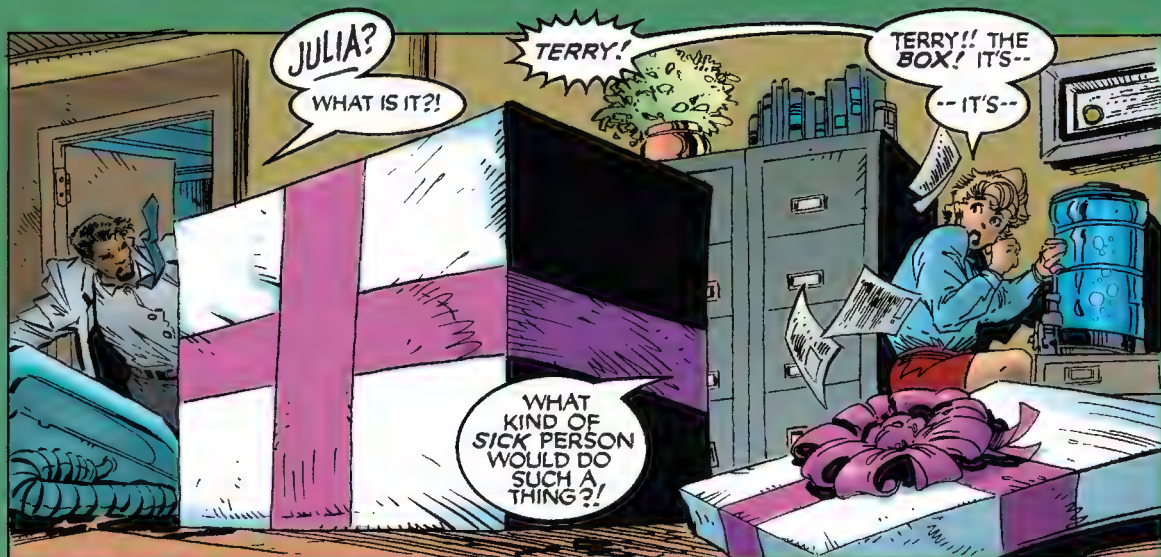
HE KNOWS
THAT WON'T
LAST.



COULD THE DEBACLE AT
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY*
HAVE HAD SOMETHING TO
DO WITH HIS PREDICAMENT?
HE WAS NEVER CONFIDENT IN
HIS FIELD ABILITIES-- WAS
HE BEING TESTED? IF SO,
IT WAS NO HELP WHEN THAT
UKRAINIAN NUCLEAR SCIENTIST--

JEE-ZUS!


*ISSUES 19 AND 20--
NOT OUT YET! -- TMW



TROUBLE.

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE THREATS BEGAN, TERRY'S FEELING SCARED. HE THOUGHT HE WOULD HAVE FIGURED OUT AND RESOLVED THIS PROBLEM BY NOW. HE'S COME TO REALIZE HE WAS WRONG.

POSSIBLY DEAD WRONG.



DEEP WITHIN THE BOWELS OF MANHATTAN'S BACK STREETS, AL SIMMONS, THE HELL-SPAWN, SITS ON A THRONE OF WASTE AND DEBRIS. IT WAS ASSEMBLED BY THE HOMELESS NOW UNDER HIS PROTECTION. HIS FIRST INSTINCT WAS TO SCOFF AT THEIR HANDIWORK, BUT WHAT ELSE COULD THEY HAVE BUILT TO SUPPORT HIS 400-POUND MASS? GRACIOUSLY, HE ACCEPTED THEIR GIFT, WHICH FORMALIZED HIS ROLE AS THE BOWERY'S DARK PROTECTOR...

...AND THEIRS,
AS HIS PEOPLE.

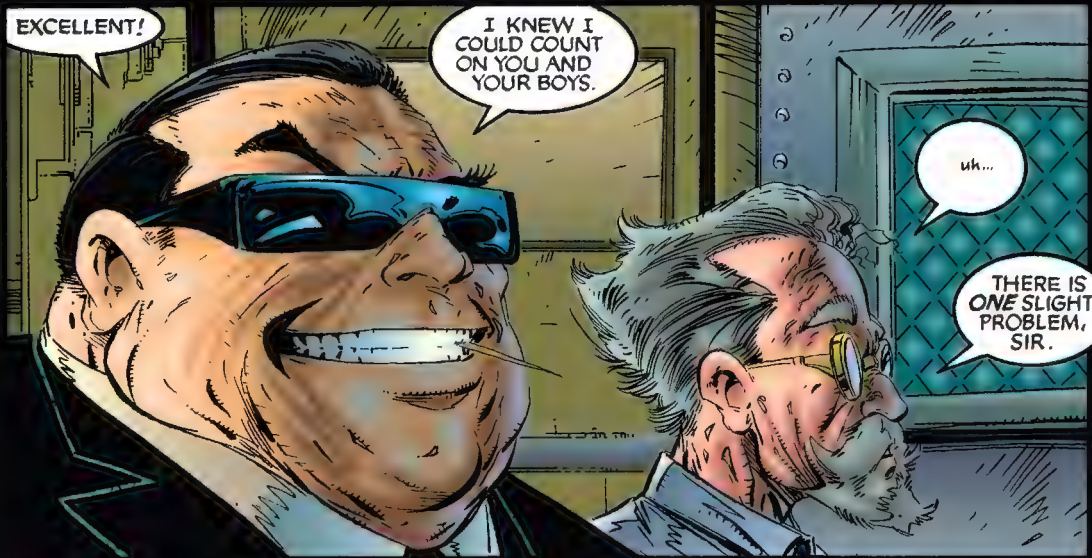
THEY NEED HIM
TO PLAY THE PART.

TO BE THEIR
SAVIOR. THEIR
NEW-FOUND GOD.

HE'S GRATEFUL-- IF A BIT UNCOMFORTABLE-- FOR THEIR DEVOTION. YET IT'S THE FAMILY AND FRIENDS FROM HIS PREVIOUS, HUMAN LIFE, WHO FILL HIS THOUGHTS. NOW BACK FROM THE DEAD, HE HAS AN UNHOLY MISSION. TO HIS DISMAY, HE FINDS THIS IS HAVING DIRE REPERCUSSIONS AMONG THOSE HE LEFT BEHIND.

GOD,
NO.

VITO
THINKS
I'M
TERRY.





YOU
SEE, MY
GOOD
MAN--

--I'M GOING TO
CLEANSE MYSELF OF
TWO RATHER LARGE
NUISANCES THIS
EVENING. **ONE** SHOULD
BE NEARLY FINISHED.

THE
OTHER
SHOULD
BE GETTING
HIS INVITE
TO TONIGHT'S
PARTY RIGHT
NOW.

YES,
SIR.

PHONE
MY OFFICE
AS SOON
AS HE'S
MOBILE.

IN THE
MEANTIME,
I NEED TO
CHECK UP ON
ANOTHER
OF MY...
SITUATIONS.

*



HOPELESS.

THAT'S HOW TERRY FEELS AT THE MOMENT. IN HIS RUSH TO GET HOME TO SEE IF HIS FAMILY IS ALRIGHT, HE'D FORGOTTEN THAT TODAY IS WHEN WANDA AND THE BABY GO TO VISIT GRANDMA BLAKE.

NORMALLY.

HE HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET THEM ON THE PHONE.

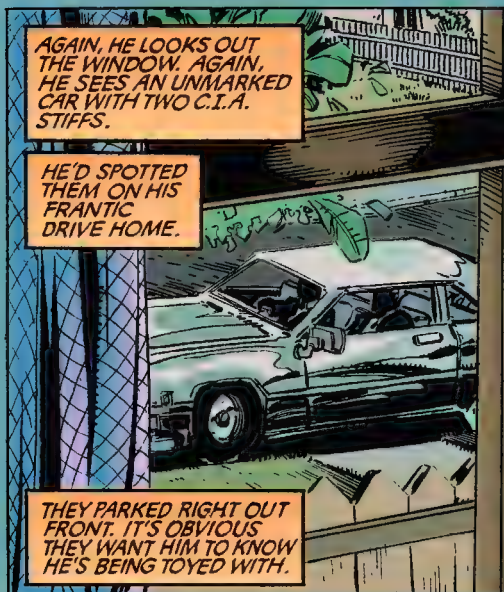


MAYBE THEY DIDN'T MAKE IT? MAYBE THEY'RE IN TROUBLE ALREADY? QUESTIONS RACE WILDLY THROUGH HIS MIND. HE CURSES HIS GROWING PARANOIA. AS A TRAINED SECURITY OPERATIVE, HE EXPECTS BETTER OF HIMSELF.

BUT NO.

ONLY ONE THOUGHT REPEATS.

please.
be okay.
wanda.



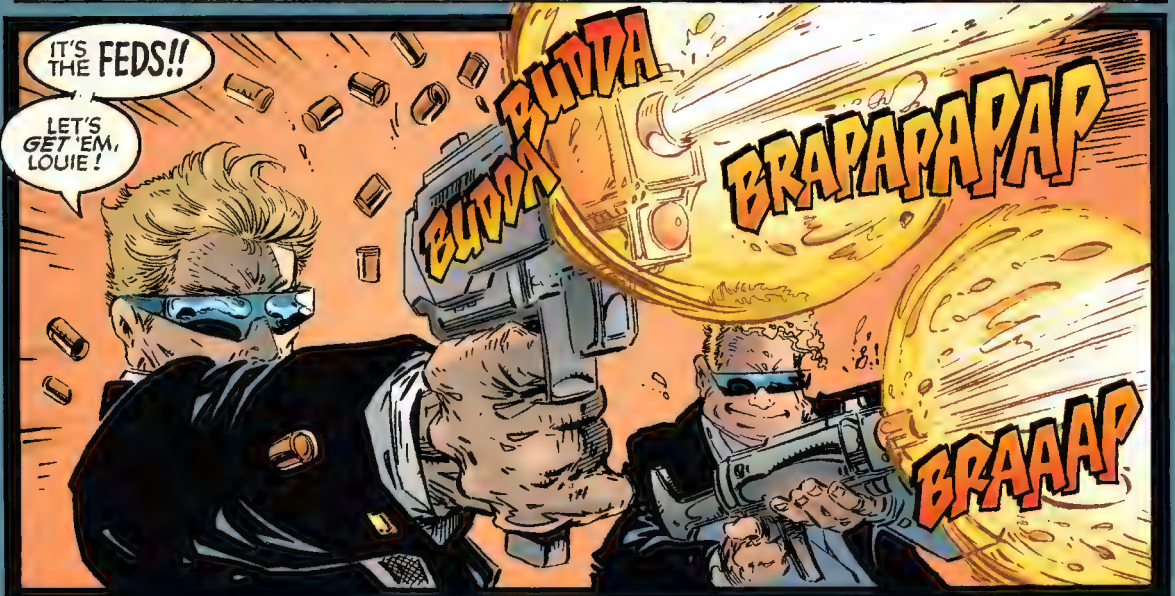
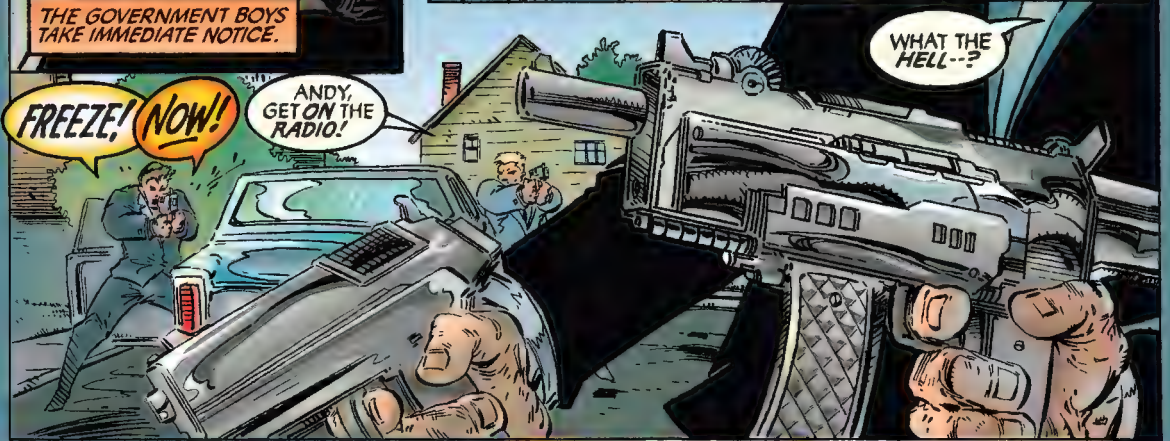
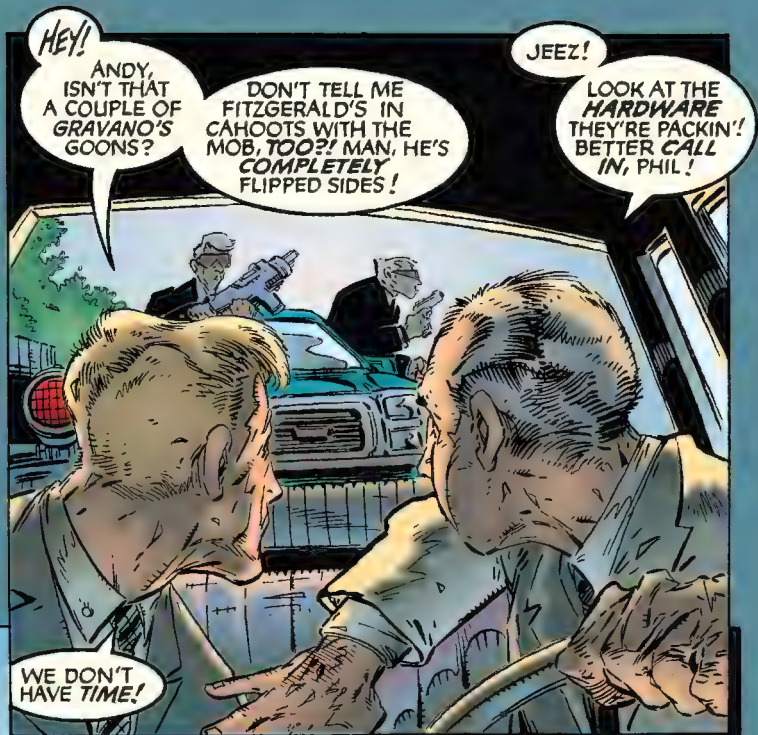
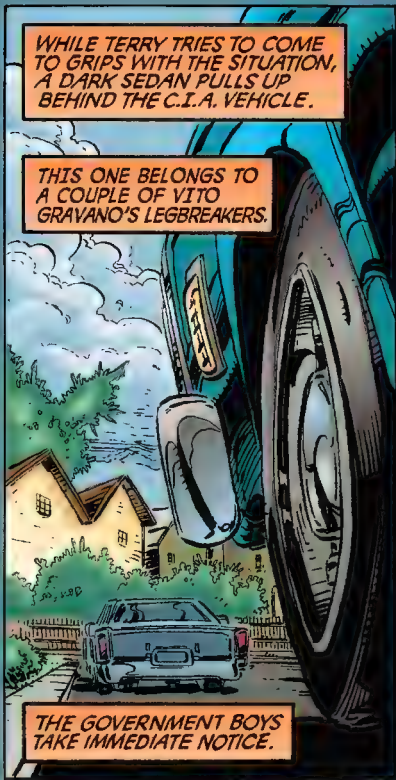
AGAIN, HE LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW. AGAIN, HE SEES AN UNMARKED CAR WITH TWO C.I.A. STIFFS.

HE'D SPOTTED THEM ON HIS FRANTIC DRIVE HOME.

THEY PARKED RIGHT OUT FRONT. IT'S OBVIOUS THEY WANT HIM TO KNOW HE'S BEING TOYED WITH.



HIS PARANOIA IS OBVIOUSLY NOT UNFOUNDED.



FINALLY, THE GUNS FALL SILENT.

LISTEN UP,
FITZGERALD!!
I KNOW YOU
CAN HEAR US!

WE'VE
GOT YOUR WIFE
AND GIRL! IF
YOU WANT TO SEE
EITHER OF THEM
AGAIN, YOU BE
IN THE ALLEY
BETWEEN FIFTH
AND SIXTH AT
27th--

--AT
MIDNIGHT!

AND YOU'D
BETTER BE
ALONE!

TIRES SCREECH
AS THE CAR
SPEEDS AWAY.

IT'S AT THIS MOMENT THAT TERRY'S
WORLD BECOMES DEVOID OF REALITY.
HE ISN'T AWARE THAT THE MAFIA
WISEGUYS WERE LYING. WANDA, CYAN
AND GRANDMA BLAKE WERE ACTUALLY
AT A PARK, QUIETLY OBSERVED BY
SOME OF GRAVANO'S MEN THEY CALLED
THIS INFORMATION IN TO THE THUGS
AT TERRY'S DOORSTEP, WHO WERE THEN
TO PASS HIM THE BOGUS 'KIDNAP' STORY.

OF COURSE, TERRY WOULD IMMEDIATELY
CHECK ON GRANDMA'S HOUSE.

OF COURSE, IT'D BE EMPTY.

THIS WOULD MAKE THE
BLUFF THAT MUCH
MORE CONVINCING.

WHAT THE MOBSTERS HADN'T
FORSEEN WAS THE PRESENCE
OF THE C.I.A.

THIS COMPLICATION
WAS EASILY RESOLVED.

NOW, TERRY STANDS OVER THE
TWO DEAD G-MEN. THE SECURITY
AGENCIES HAD NOTHING BUT
WYNN'S LIES TO FOLLOW UNTIL
NOW. NO WAY THEY'LL BELIEVE
A COUPLE OF HITMEN HAPPENED
ALONG AND HAD A SHOOT-OUT
ON HIS FRONT LAWN.

AS THE SOUND OF SIRENS
DRAWS CLOSER, AND THE
NEIGHBORS START TO PEEK
THROUGH THEIR CURTAINS,
TERRY DOES THE ONLY
THING HE CAN THINK OF.

HE RUNS.

HOURS LATER...

AL!

HEY, AL!

=puff=

=puff=

HE'S COMING!
JUST LIKE YOU SAID--
OVER ON SIXTH!

THEN THE
FILES WERE
CORRECT.

THE DOCUMENTS
PROCURED BY SPAWN
FROM VITO GRAVANO'S
OFFICE HAD MENTIONED
OVERT-KILL'S MIDNIGHT
APPOINTMENT...

YOU'D BETTER
HURRY, MAN, 'CAUSE
SOME BLACK DUDE
IN A SUIT IS RIGHT
IN HIS SIGHTS.

TERRY?!

I DON'T
KNOW
WHO HE IS,
BUT THAT
ROBOT'S
AS BIG AS
A **BUS!**

HE DON'T
STAND A
CHANCE.

WHATEVER
YOU'RE GOING
TO DO--
PLEASE--BE
CAREFUL.

THIS IS
SERIOUS.

THANKS
FOR THE
WARNING.

I'VE GOT
A LITTLE
HELP
TUCKED
AWAY.



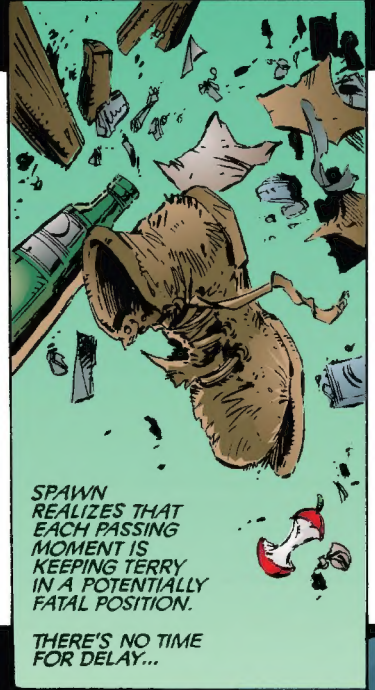


SPAWN KNEW THAT THEY MIGHT COME IN HANDY SOMEDAY, SO HE KEPT THE GUNS HIDDEN. ANYTHING SHARP, ROTTEN OR HEAVY ENOUGH TO DISCOURAGE IDLE CURIOSITY WAS USED AS CAMOUFLAGE.



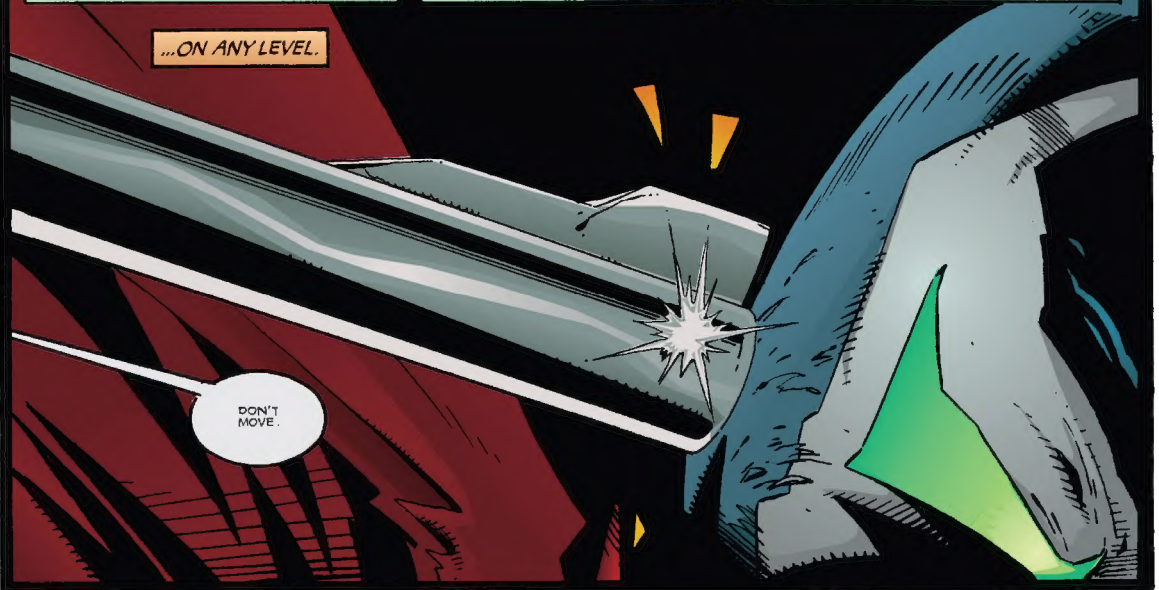
THESE WEAPONS HAD DECIMATED OVERT-KILL ON THEIR FIRST GO-ROUND. * THEY'LL WORK A SECOND TIME--IF HE CAN FIND THEM.

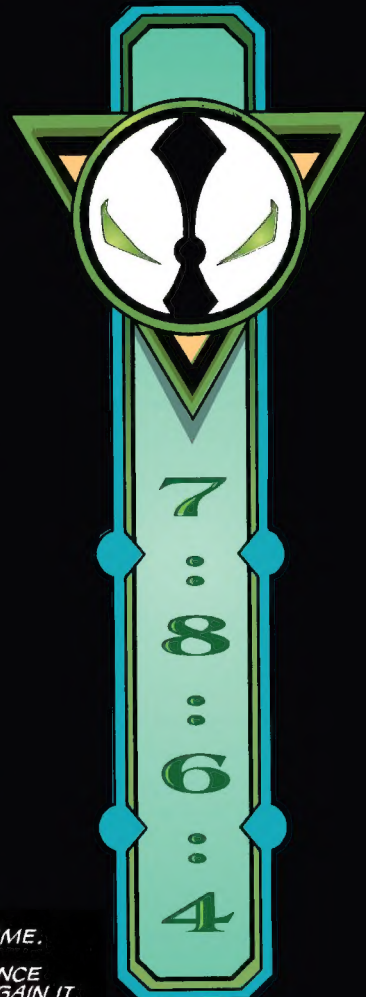
*ISSUE 7--Tom



SPAWN REALIZES THAT EACH PASSING MOMENT IS KEEPING TERRY IN A POTENTIALLY FATAL POSITION.

THERE'S NO TIME FOR DELAY...





TIME.
ONCE
AGAIN IT
BECOMES
AN ENEMY
TO SPAWN...



TO BE CONTINUED.



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE